

50 ¢ poem

Inferred metaphysical
Importance.
You don't say it right out.
Just hint. An
Old Magnavox becomes
Man's search for self.
A 49 Ford pickup
Man's will toward e
Ternity.
Don't give away too much:
Man's very soul a worn jock
Strap:

Walnuts and whipped
Cream on mine please.

I know it's fifty cents extra.

I just got paid.

Wind over the hill rounding
It. Wind. Leaning trees
Steady wind from the ground.
The earth makes it. Like
The grass it makes rocks it
Makes like it does flowers.
From some deep lung from
Some water's sail makes
It makes times to sleep in.
Makes your legs.

-- Bernard Bever

Cliff, KY

First Meeting

Now I knew why the trip had been so slow --
it was the kind of place no one hurried to get to.
Even the road had given up before it got there,
yet the house leaned as if once
the wind had tried to get in.
I discovered if you looked at it through tears
the green tar-paper would disappear
into grass and trees. But the porch was real
and its washing machine. The screen door
hadn't any screen, but inside
the gray linoleum and the daisied plastic curtains
gleamed. The father was wearing my husband's
nose. "Where's the baby?" the mother asked.
But we hadn't made any.